THE

FAIR PENITENT,

A

TRAGEDY:

Of Five Acts

WRITTEN BY

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGER's BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

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[illegible]CXC.

$_*$ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 30 to 32, in page 6.

PROLOGUE.

LONG has the fate of Kings and Empires been
The common bus'ness of the Tragic Scene,
As if Misfortune made the Throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.
Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the crown he wears,
And many are the mighty Monarch's cares:
By foreign foes and home-bred factions prest,
Few are the joys he knows, and short his hours of rest.
Stories like these with wonder we may hear;
But far remote, and in a higher sphere,
We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can share:
Like distant battles of the Pole *and* Swede,
Which frugal Citizens o'er coffee read,
Careless for who shall fail, or who succeed.
Therefore an humbler theme our author chose,
A melancholy tale of private woes:
No Princes here lost Royalty bemoan,
But you shall meet with sorrows like your own;
Here see imperious Love his vassals treat,
As hardly as ambition does the great;
See how succeeding passions rage by turns,
How fierce the youth with joy and rapture burns,
And how to Death, for beauty lost, he mourns.
Let no nice taste the Poet's art arraign,
If some frail vicious characters he feign:
Who writes should still let Nature be his care,
Mix shades with lights, and not paint all things fair,
But shew you men and women as they are.
With deference to the fair he bade me say,
Few to perfection ever found the way;
Many in many parts are known t'excel,
But 'twere too hard for one to act all well;
Whom justly life would through each scene commend,
The maid, the wife, the mistress, and the friend:
This age 'tis true, has one great instance seen,
And Heav'n in justice made that one a Queen.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

	At Drury Lane.	Covent Garden.
Sciolto, *a nobleman of* Genoa, *father to* Califta, —	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Aickin.
Altamont, *a young lord, in love with* Califta, *and defigned her hufband by* Sciolto, — —	Mr. Barrymore.	Mr. Farren.
Horatio, *his friend,* — — —	Mr. Bensley.	Mr. Harley.
Lothario, *a young lord, an enemy to* Altamont, —	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Holman.
Roffano, *his friend,* — — —	Mr. Williames,	Mr. Egan.

W O M E N.

Califta, *daughter to* Sciolto, — — —	Mrs. Siddons.	Mifs Brunton.
Lavinia, *fifter to* Altamont *and wife to* Horatio, —	Mrs. Ward.	Mifs Chapman.
Lucilla, *confidant to* Califta, — — —	Mifs Palmer.	Mifs Stuart.

Servants to Sciolto.

SCENE, Sciolto's *Palace and Garden, with fome part of the ftreet near it, in* Genoa.

THE

FAIR PENITENT.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A garden belonging to* Sciolto's *Palace.*

Enter Altamont *and* Horatio.

Altamont. LET this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it:
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes,
This happy day that gives me my *Calista.*

Hor. Yes, *Altamont*; to-day thy better stars
Are join'd, to shed their kindest influence on thee:
Sciolto's noble hand that rais'd thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Compleats its bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted,
Before ungrateful *Genoa* had forgot
The merit of thy Godlike father's arms;
Before that country, which he long had serv'd
In watchful councils and in winter camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretchedness,
And made their court to faction by his ruin.

Alt. Oh great *Sciolto*! oh my more than father!
Let me not live, but at thy very name
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee,
Forget! (but 'tis impossible) then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,

To wander in the deſart among brutes,
To bear the various fury of the ſeaſons,
The night's unwholſome dew and noon-day's heat,
To be the ſcorn of earth, and curſe of Heav'n!

Hor. So open, ſo unbounded was his goodneſs,
It reach'd ev'n me, becauſe I was thy friend.
When that great man I lov'd, thy noble father
Bequeath'd thy gentle ſiſter to my arms,
His laſt dear pledge and legacy of friendſhip,
That happy tye made me *Sciolto*'s ſon;
He call'd us his, and with a parent's fondneſs
Indulg'd us in his wealth, bleſs'd us with plenty,
Heal'd all our cares, and ſweeten'd love itſelf.

Alt. By Heav'n, he found my fortunes ſo abandon'd,
That nothing but a miracle could raiſe 'em;
My father's bounty, and the ſtate's ingratitude,
Had ſtripp'd him bare, nor left him ev'n a grave;
Undone myſelf, and ſinking with his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to ſuccour him,
But fruitleſs tears.

Hor. Yet what thou could'ſt thou didſt,
And didſt it like a ſon when his hard creditors,
Urg'd and aſſiſted by *Lothario*'s father,
(Foe to thy houſe, and rival of their greatneſs)
By ſentence of the cruel law forbid
His venerable corps to reſt in earth,
Thou gav'ſt thyſelf a ranſom for his bones;
With piety uncommon, didſt give up
Thy hopeful youth to ſlaves who ne'er knew mercy,
' Sour, unrelenting money-loving villains,
' Who laugh at human nature and forgiveneſs,
' And are like fiends the factors of deſtruction.'
Heav'n, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,
And bade *Sciolto*'s bounty be its proxy,
To bleſs thy filial virtue with abundance.

Alt. But ſee he comes, the author of my happineſs,
The man who ſav'd my life from deadly ſorrow,
Who bids my days be bleſt with peace and plenty,
And ſatisfies my ſoul with love and beauty.

Enter Sciolto; *he runs to* Altamont *and embraces him.*

Sci. Joy to thee, *Altamont!* Joy to myſelf!
Joy to this happy morn, that makes thee mine,
That kindly grants what nature has denied me,

And

And makes me father of a ſon like thee.

Alt. My father! oh let me unlade my breaſt,
Pour out the fulneſs of my ſoul before you,
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful thought,
This wond'rous goodneſs ſtirs. ' But 'tis impoſſible,
' And utterance all is vile; ſince I can only
' Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.'

Sci. It is enough; I know thee, thou art honeſt;
Goodneſs innate, and worth hereditary
Are in thy mind; thy noble father's virtues
Spring freſhly forth, and bloſſom in thy youth.

Alt. Thus Heav'n from nothing rais'd his fair crea- [tion,
And then with wond'rous joy beheld its beauty,
Well pleas'd to ſee the excellence he gave.

Sci. Oh noble youth! I ſwear ſince firſt I knew thee,
Ev'n from that day of ſorrows when I ſaw thee,
Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I ſet thee down and ſeal'd thee for my own:
Thou art my ſon, ev'n near me as *Caliſta*.
Horatio and *Lavinia* too are mine; [*Embraces* Hor.
All are my children, and ſhall ſhare my heart;
But wherefore waſte we thus this happy day?
The laughing minutes ſummon thee to joy,
And with new pleaſures court thee as they paſs;
Thy waiting bride ev'n chides thee for delaying,
And ſwears thou com'ſt not with a bridegroom's haſte.

Alt. Oh! could I hope there was one thought of *Al-* [*tamont*,
One kind remembrance in *Caliſta*'s breaſt,
The winds, with all their wings, would be too ſlow
To bear me to her feet. For Oh! my father,
Amidſt the ſtream of joy that bears me on,
Bleſt as I am, and honor'd in your friendſhip,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.

Sci. What means my ſon?

Alt. When at your interceſſion,
Laſt night *Caliſta* yielded to my happineſs,
Juſt ere we parted, as I ſeal'd my vows
With rapture on her lips, I found her cold,
As a dead lover's ſtatue on his tomb;
A riſing ſtorm of paſſion ſhook her breaſt,
Her eyes a piteous ſhow'r of tears let fall,
And then ſhe ſigh'd as if her heart were breaking.

With all the tend'reſt eloquence of love
I begg'd to be a ſharer in her grief;
But ſhe with looks averſe, and eyes that froze me,
Sadly reply'd, her ſorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to diſpoſe of.

Sci. Away! It is the cozenage of their ſex,
One of the common arts they practiſe on us:
To ſigh and weep, then when their hearts beat high,
With expectation of the coming joy.
Thou haſt in camps and fighting fields been bred,
Unknowing in the ſubtleties of women;
The virgin bride, who ſwoons with deadly fear,
To ſee the end of all her wiſhes near,
When bluſhing from the light and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night ſhe flies,
With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
Melts in his arms, and with a looſe ſhe loves. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lothario *and* Roſſano.

Loth. The father and the huſband!
Roſſ. Let them paſs,
They ſaw us not.
Loth. I care not if they did,
Ere long I mean to meet 'em face to face,
And gaul 'em with my triumph o'er *Caliſta.*
Roſſ. You lov'd her once.
Loth. I lik'd her, wou'd have married her,
But that it pleas'd her father to refuſe me,
To make this honourable fool her huſband.
For which, if I forget him, may the ſhame
I mean to brand his name with, ſtick on mine.
Roſſ. She, gentle ſoul, was kinder than her father.
Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me hearing,
'Till by long liſt'ning to the ſoothing tale,
At length her eaſy heart was wholly mine.
Roſſ. I've heard you oft deſcribe her, haughty, inſolent,
And fierce with high diſdain; it moves my wonder,
That virtue thus defended, ſhould be yielded
A prey to looſe deſires.
Loth. Here then, I'll tell thee.
Once in a lone and ſecret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
And ſtars alone, ſhone conſcious of the theft,

Hot

Hot with the *Tuſcan* grape, and high in blood,
Hap'ly I ſtole unheeded to her chamber.
Roſſ. That minute ſure was lucky.
Loth. Oh 'twas great!
I found the fond, believing, love-ſick maid,
Looſe, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wiſhes:
Fierceneſs and pride, the guardians of her honor,
Were charm'd to reſt, and love alone was waking.
Within her riſing boſom all was calm,
As peaceful ſeas that know no ſtorms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I ſnatch'd the glorious, golden opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful ardor preſt her,
Till with ſhort ſighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happineſs.
Ev'n all the live-long night we paſs'd in bliſs,
In ecſtaſies too fierce to laſt for ever;
At length the morn and cold indiff'rence came;
When fully ſated with the luſcious banquet,
I haſtily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was paſt, and ſigh alone.
Roſſ. You ſaw her ſoon again?
Loth. Too ſoon I ſaw her:
For oh! that meeting was not like the former;
I found my heart no more beat high with tranſport,
No more I ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for enjoyment:
'Twas paſt, and reaſon took her turn to reign,
While ev'ry weakneſs fell before her throne.
Roſſ. What of the lady?
Loth. With uneaſy fondneſs
She hung upon me, wept, and ſigh'd and ſwore
She was undone, talk'd of a prieſt, and marriage;
Of flying with me from her father's pow'r;
Call'd ev'ry ſaint and bleſſed angel down,
To witneſs for her that ſhe was my wife.
I ſtarted at that name.
Roſſ. What anſwer made you?
Loth. None; but pretending ſudden pain and illneſs
Eſcap'd the perſecution: two nights ſince,
By meſſage urg'd, and frequent importunity,
Again I ſaw her. Strait with tears and ſighs,
With ſwelling breaſts, with ſwooning, with diſtraction,
With all the ſubtilties and pow'rful arts

Of wilful woman lab'ring for her purpoſe,
Again ſhe told the ſame dull nauſeous tale.
Unmoved, I begg'd her ſpare th' ungrateful ſubject,
Since I reſolv'd, that love and peace of mind
Might flouriſh long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage-chain;
That I would ſtill retain her in my heart,
My ever-gentle miſtreſs and my friend;
But for thoſe other names of wife and huſband,
They only meant ill-nature, cares, and quarrels.

Roſſ. How bore ſhe this reply?

Loth. Ev'n as the earth,
When, (winds pent up, or eating fires beneath
Shaking the maſs) ſhe labors with deſtruction.
At firſt her rage was dumb, and wanted words,
But when the ſtorm found way, 'twas wild and loud.
Mad as the prieſteſs of the *Delphic* god,
Enthuſiaſtic paſſion ſwell'd her breaſt,
Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffled all her form;
Proud, and diſdainful of the love I proffer'd,
She call'd me villain! monſter! baſe betrayer!
At laſt, in very bitterneſs of ſoul,
With deadly imprecations on herſelf,
She vow'd ſeverely ne'er to ſee me more;
Then bid me fly that minute: I obey'd,
And bowing left her to grow cool at leiſure.

Roſſ. She has relented ſince, elſe why this meſſage,
To meet the keeper of her ſecrets here
This morning?

Loth. See the perſon whom you nam'd.

Enter Lucilla.

Well, my ambaſſadreſs, what muſt we treat of?
Come you to menace war and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your meſſage?
Is your fair miſtreſs calmer? does ſhe ſoften?
And muſt we love again? Perhaps ſhe means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her huſband party to th' agreement.

Luc. Is this well done, my Lord? Have you put off
All ſenſe of human nature? keep a little,
A little pity to diſtinguiſh manhood,
Leſt other men, tho' cruel, ſhould diſclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.

Loth.

Loth. I ſee thou'ſt learnt to rail.
Luc. I've learnt to weep;
That leſſon my ſad miſtreſs often gives me;
By day ſhe ſeeks ſome melancholy ſhade,
To hide her ſorrows from the prying world;
At night ſhe watches all the long long hours,
And liſtens to the winds and beating rain,
With ſighs as loud, and tears that fall as faſt.
Then ever and anon ſhe wrings her hands,
And cries, falſe! falſe *Lothario!*
Loth. Oh, no more!
I ſwear thou'lt ſpoil thy pretty face with crying,
And thou haſt beauty that may make thy fortune;
Some keeping cardinal ſhall dote upon thee,
And barter his Church treaſure for thy freſhneſs.
Luc. What! ſhall I ſell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man!
To man! who makes his mirth of our undoing?
The baſe, profeſt betrayer of our ſex!
Let me grow old in all misfortunes elſe,
Rather than know the ſorrows of *Caliſta.*
Loth. Does ſhe ſend thee to chide in her behalf?
I ſwear thou doſt it with ſo good a grace,
That I could almoſt love thee for thy frowning.
Luc. Read there, my Lord, there, in her own ſad lines, [*Giving a letter.*
Which beſt can tell the ſtory of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindneſs gives her.
[Lothario *reads*]
Your cruelty—obedience to my father——give my hand to Altamont.
By Heav'n! 'tis well! ſuch ever be the gifts,
With which I greet the man whom my ſoul hates. [*Aſide.*
But to go on!
——*Wiſh*——*Heart*——*Honor*—— *too faithleſs*——
Weakneſs—*to-morrow*—*laſt Trouble*—*loſt* Caliſta.
Women I ſee can change, as well as men;
She writes me here, forſaken as I am,
That I ſhould bind my brows with mournful willow,
For ſhe has giv'n her hand to *Altamont:*
Yet tell the fair inconſtant——
Luc. How, my Lord?

 Loth.

Loth. Nay, no more angry words: ſay to *Caliſta*,
The humbleſt of her ſlaves ſhall wait her pleaſure;
If ſhe can leave her happy huſband's arms,
To think upon ſo loſt a thing as I am.

Luc. Alas! for pity come with gentler looks;
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph;
And tho' you love her not, yet ſwear you do,
So ſhall diſſembling once be virtuous in you.

Loth. Ha! who comes here?

Luc. The bridegroom's friend, *Horatio.*
He muſt not ſee us here; to-morrow early
Be at the garden gate.

Loth. Bear to my love
My kindeſt thoughts, and ſwear I will not fail her.

[Lothario *putting up the letter haſtily drops it as he goes out.*

[*Exeunt* Lothario *and* Roſſano *one way,* Lucilla *another.*

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes:
Waking I dream, or I beheld *Lothario*;
He ſeem'd conferring with *Caliſta*'s woman:
At my approach they ſtarted, and retir'd.
What bus'neſs cou'd he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble *Altamont*
Profeſt and deadly hate——What paper's this?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Ha! To *Lothario!*—'sDeath! *Caliſta*'s name.

[*Opening it.*

Confuſion and Misfortune!

[*Reads.*

YOUR cruelty has at length determin'd me, and I have reſolv'd this morning to yield a perfect obedience to my father, and to give my hand to Altamont, *in ſpite of my weakneſs for the falſe* Lothario. *I could almoſt wiſh I had that heart, and that honor to beſtow with it, which you have robb'd me of.*

Damnation! to the reſt——— [*Reads again.*

But oh! I fear could I retrieve them, I ſhould again be undone by the too faithleſs, yet too lovely Lothario. *This is the laſt weakneſs of my pen, and to-morrow ſhall be the*

laſt

last in which I will indulge my eyes. Lucilla *shall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall meet with from*

The lost *Calista.*

The lost indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt ev'n make thy father curse his age;
At sight of this black scrowl, the gentle *Altamont*
(For oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his discontented head,
Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues.——
' Perhaps ev'n now he gazes fondly on her,
' And thinking soul and body both alike,
' Blesses the perfect workmanship of Heav'n;
' Then sighing, to his ev'ry care speaks peace,
' And bids his heart be satisfied with happiness.
' Oh, wretched husband! while she hangs about thee
' With idle blandishments, and plays the fond one,
' Ev'n then her hot imagination wanders,
' Contriving riot, and loose 'scapes of love;
' And while she clasps thee close makes thee a monster,'
What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows that his justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return,
For all the good his hand has heap'd on us:
Hold, let me take a moment's thought.

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. My Lord!
Trust me, it joys my heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the company,
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden illness;
Where are you sick? Is it your head? your heart?
Tell me, my love, and ease my anxious thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my arms,
Sooth you to rest, and soften all your pains.

Hor. It were unjust: no, let me spare my friend,
Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.

Lav,

Lav. What means my Lord?
Hor. Ha! ſaidſt thou, my *Lavinia?*
Lav. Alas! you know not what you make me ſuffer?
Why are you pale? Why did you ſtart and tremble?
Whence is that ſigh? And wherefore are your eyes
Severely rais'd to Heav'n? The ſick man thus,
Acknowledging the ſummons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And with confuſion thinks upon his audit.
Hor. Oh no! thou haſt miſtook my ſickneſs quite,
Theſe pangs are of the ſoul. Would I had met
Sharpeſt convulſions, ſpotted peſtilence,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought.
Lav. Alas! what is it? 'wherefore turn you from me?'
Why did you falſly call me your *Lavinia*,
And ſwear I was *Horatio*'s better half,
Since now you mourn unkindly by yourſelf,
And rob me of my partnerſhip of ſadneſs?
' Witneſs, you holy pow'rs, who know my truth,
' There cannot be a chance in life ſo miſerable,
' Nothing ſo very hard but I could bear it,
' Much rather than my love ſhould treat me coldly,
' And uſe me like a ſtranger to his heart.'
Hor. Seek not to know what I would hide from all,
But moſt from thee. I never knew a pleaſure,
Ought that was joyful, fortunate or good,
But ſtrait I ran to bleſs thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happineſs with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore ſhould I give thee pain?
Then ſpare me, I conjure thee; aſk no farther;
Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let 'em brood in ſecret o'er their ſorrows.
Lav. It is enough; chide not, and all is well;
Forgive me if I ſaw you ſad, *Horatio*,
And ask'd to weep out part of your misfortunes;
I wo'not preſs to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my lov'd Lord, yet you muſt grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day,
Devote this day to mirth, and to your *Altamont*;
For his dear ſake let peace be in your looks.
Ev'n now the jocund bridegroom waits your wiſhes,

He

He thinks the priest has but half blest his marriage,
'Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.

Hor. Oh never! never! never! Thou art innocent:
Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candor of the mind adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false ones in the world,
'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement
To hear their story told.

Lav. False ones, my Lord?

Hor. Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles,
The graces, little loves, and young desires inhabit;
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the Heav'n they hope for is variety:
One lover to another still succeeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former:
'Till having lov'd his hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the herd that went before him.

Lav. Can there be such? And have they peace of
Have they in all the series of their changing [mind?
One happy hour? If women are such things,
How was I form'd so different from my sex!
My little heart is satisfied with you,
You take up all the room; as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger,
Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guest,
And hardly keeps a corner for himself. ['em,

Hor. Oh, were they all like thee men would adore
And all the bus'ness of their lives be loving;
The nuptial band should be the pledge of peace,
And all domestic cares and quarrels cease;
The world should learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jest of fools.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Hall.*

Enter Califta *and* Lucilla.

Califta. BE dumb for ever, filent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond officious love difturb
My folemn fadnefs, with the found of joy.
If thou wilt footh me, tell fome difmal tale
Of pining difcontent, and black defpair;
For oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love or fhame,
And my dear peace of mind is loft for ever.
Luc. Why do you follow ftill that wand'ring fire,
That has mis-led your weary fteps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wildernefs of woe?
That falfe *Lothario!* Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle *Altamont*,
' Kind as the fofteft virgin of our fex,
' And faithful as the fimple village fwain,
' That never knew the courtly vice of changing,'
Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.
Cal. Away, I think not of him. My fad foul
Has form'd a difmal melancholy fcene,
Such a retreat as I would wifh to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Moffy and old, within whofe lonefome fhade,
Ravens, and birds ill-omend, only dwell;
No found to break the filence, b t a brook
That bubbling, winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human fhape that had been there,
Unlefs a fkeleton of fome poor wretch,
Who had long fince, like me, by love undone,
Sought that fad place out to defpair and die in.
Luc. Alas for Pity!
Cal. There I fain would hide me,
From the bafe world, from malice, and from fhame;
For 'tis the folemn counfel of my foul,
Never to live with public lofs of honor:
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the infolence
Of each affected fhe that tells my ftory,
And bleffes her good ftars that fhe is virtuous.

To

To be a tale for fools! ſcorn'd by the women,
And pity'd by the men! Oh inſupportable!
Luc. Can you perceive the manifeſt deſtruction,
' The gaping gulf that opens juſt before you,'
And yet ruſh on, tho' conſcious of the danger?
Oh, hear me, hear your ever-faithful creature;
By all the good I wiſh, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat you,
Never to ſee this faithleſs man again:
Let me forbid his coming.
Cal. On thy life
I charge thee no; my genius drives me;
I muſt, I will behold him once again;
Perhaps it is the criſis of my fate,
And this one interview ſhall end my cares.
My lab'ring heart that ſwells with indignation,
Heaves to diſcharge the burden; that once done,
The buſy thing ſhall reſt within its cell,
And never beat again.
Luc. Truſt not to that:
Rage is the ſhorteſt paſſion of our ſouls;
Like narrow brooks that riſe with ſudden ſhow'rs,
It ſwells in haſte, and falls again as ſoon;
Still as it ebbs the ſofter thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver love ſupplies its place.
Cal. I have been wrong'd enough to arm my temper
Againſt the ſmooth deluſion; but alas!
(Chide not my weakneſs, gentle maid, but pity me)
A woman's ſoftneſs hangs about me ſtill:
Then let me bluſh, and tell thee all my folly.
I ſwear I could not ſee the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and ſigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.
Luc. ' Ye ſacred Powers, whoſe gracious providence
' Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
' From their deceitful tongues, their vows and flatteries;
' Still let me paſs neglected by their eyes,
' Let my bloom whither, and my form decay,
' That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
' And fatal love may never be my bane.'
' *Cal.*' Ha! *Altamont? Caliſta*, now be wary,
And guard thy ſoul's acceſſes with diſſembling;

Nor

Nor let this hoſtile huſband's eyes explore
The warring paſſions, and tumultuous thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy reaſon.

Enter Altamont.

Alt. Be gone my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy *Altamont*;
' For from this ſacred *æra* of my love,
' A better order of ſucceeding days
' Come ſmiling forward, white and lucky all.'
Caliſta is the miſtreſs of the year,
She crowns the ſeaſons with auſpicious beauty,
And bids ev'n all my hours be good and joyful.

Cal. If I was ever miſtreſs of ſuch happineſs,
Oh! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty fool,
And waſting all on others leave myſelf
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort?

Alt. Oh, mighty love! Shall that fair face profane
This thy great feſtival with frowns and ſadneſs!
I ſwear it ſha'not be, for I will wooe thee
With ſighs ſo moving, with ſo warm a tranſport.
That thou ſhalt catch the gentle flame from me,
And kindle into joy.

Cal. I tell thee, *Altamont*,
Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above,
Ill-ſuited to each other; join'd, not match'd!
Some ſullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,
That fills thee with ſuch ecſtaſy and tranſport,
To me brings nothing that ſhould make me bleſs it,
Or think it better than the day before,
Or any other in the courſe of time,
That dully took its turn, and was forgotten.

Alt. If to behold thee as my pledge of happineſs,
To know none fair, none excellent but thee;
If ſtill to love thee with unweary'd conſtancy
Through ev'ry ſeaſon, ev'ry change of life,
Through wrinkled age, through ſickneſs and misfortune,
Be worth the leaſt return of grateful love,
O then let my *Caliſta* bleſs this day,
And ſet it down for happy.

Cal.

Cal. 'Tis the day
In which my father gave my hand to *Altamont*;
As ſuch I will remember it for ever.

Enter Sciolto, Horatio, *and* Lavinia.

Sci. Let mirth go on, let pleaſure know no pauſe,
But fill up ev'ry minute of the day.
'Tis yours, my children, ſacred to your loves;
The glorious ſun himſelf for you looks gay.
He ſhines for *Altamont* and for *Caliſta*.
Let there be muſic, let the maſter touch
The ſprightly ſtring, and ſoftly breathing flute,
'Till harmony rouſe ev'ry gentle paſſion,
Teach the cold maid to loſe her fears in love,
And the fierce youth to languiſh at her feet.
Begin: ev'n age itſelf is chear'd with muſic,
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back paſt joys, and warms us into tranſport.

[*Here an entertainment of muſic,* ' *and dancing.*'

' SONG.

I.

' *AH ſtay! ah turn! ah, whither would you fly,*
' *Too charming, too relentleſs maid?*
' *I follow not to conquer, but to die;*
' *You of the fearful are afraid.*

II.

' *In vain I call; for ſhe, like fleeting air,*
' *When preſt by ſome tempeſtuous wind,*
' *Flies ſwifter from the voice of my deſpair,*
' *Nor caſts one pitying look behind.*'

Sci. Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends:
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and ſwell the feaſt with mirth.
The ſprightly bowl ſhall chearfully go round,
None ſhall be grave, nor too ſeverely wiſe;
Loſſes and diſappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's inſolence, and great man's ſcorn,
In wine ſhall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too ſoon to think, and to be wretched.

Oh!

Oh! grant ye Powers, that I may ſee theſe happy,
[*Pointing to* Altamont *and* Caliſta.
Compleatly bleſt, and I have life enough;
And leave the reſt indifferently to fate. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Horatio.

Hor. What if, while all are here intent on revelling,
I privately went forth, and ſought *Lothario?*
This letter may be forg'd; perhaps the wantonneſs
Of his vain youth, to ſtain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to diſturb my friend.
Oh no! my heart forebodes it muſt be true.
Methought ev'n now I mark'd the ſtarts of guilt,
That ſhook her ſoul; tho' damn'd diſſimulation
Skreen'd her dark thoughts, and ſet to public view
A ſpecious face of innocence and beauty.
' Oh, falſe appearance! What is all our ſov'reignty,
' Our boaſted pow'r? when they oppoſe their arts,
' Still they prevail, and we are found their fools.'
With ſuch ſmooth looks, and many a gentle word,
The firſt fair ſhe beguil'd her eaſy lord;
Too blind with love and beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal ſnare;
Nor could believe that ſuch a heav'nly face
Had bargain'd with the devil, to damn her wretched race. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street near* Sciolto's *Palace.*

Enter Lothario *and* Roſſano.

Loth. TO tell thee then the purport of my thoughts;
The loſs of this fond paper would not give
A moment of diſquiet, were it not
My inſtrument of vengeance on this *Altamont*;
Therefore I mean to wait ſome opportunity
Of ſpeaking with the maid we ſaw this morning.

Roſſ. I wiſh you, Sir, to think upon the danger
Of being ſeen; to-day their friends are round 'em,
And any eye, that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your life and ſafety to the hazard
[*They confer aſide.*

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Still I muſt doubt ſome myſtery of miſchief,

Some

Some artifice beneath. *Lothario*'s father
I knew him well, he was ſagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful councils,
But of a cold, unactive hand in war;
Yet with theſe coward's virtues he undid
My unſuſpecting, valiant, honeſt friend.
This ſon, if Fame miſtakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful—Ha! he's here! [*Seeing him.*

Loth. Damnation! he again!—This ſecond time
To day he has croſt me like my evil genius.

Hor. I ſought you, Sir.

Loth. 'Tis well then I am found.

Hor. 'Tis well you are: The man who wrongs my [friend,
To the earth's utmoſt verge I would purſue;
No place, tho' e'er ſo holy, ſhould protect him;
No ſhape that artful fear e'er form'd ſhould hide him,
'Till he fair anſwer made, and did me juſtice.

Loth. Ha! doſt thou know me? that I am *Lothario*?
As great a name as this proud city boaſts of.
Who is this mighty man then, this *Horatio*?
That I ſhould baſely hide me from his anger,
Leſt he ſhould chide me for his friend's diſpleaſure?

Hor. The brave, 'tis true, do never ſhun the light,
Juſt are their thoughts, and open are their tempers,
Freely without diſguiſe they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And Heav'n and men are judges of their actions.

Loth. Such let 'em be of mine; there's not a purpoſe,
Which my ſoul ever fram'd, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durſt do, have dar'd to juſtify.

Hor. Where was this open boldneſs, this free ſpirit?
When but this very morning I ſurpriz'd thee,
In baſe, diſhoneſt privacy, conſulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To ſell her Lady's ſecrets, ſtain her honour,
And with a forg'd contrivance blaſt her virtue:
At ſight of me thou fled'ſt!

Loth. Ha! fled from thee?

Hor. Thou fled'ſt! and guilt was on thee, like a [thief,
A pilferer deſcried in ſome dark corner,
Who there had lodg'd with miſchievous intent
To rob and ravage at the hour of reſt,
And do a midnight murder on the ſleepers.

Loth. Slave! Villain! [*Offers to draw*, Rossano *holds him*.

Ross. Hold, my Lord! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honor,
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.

Loth. Then since thou dost provoke my vengeance, [know
I would not for this city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our *Ligurian* shore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of *Altamont*, should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature:
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be conceal'd?
Oh no! by Hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull doating husband; now I have found him,
And thou art he.

Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this;
Yet mark me well, young Lord, I think *Calista*
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scrowl so villainous and loose,
And mark it with a noble Lady's name;
These are the mean, dishonest arts of cowards,
Strangers to manhood, and to glorious dangers;
Who bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses th' unwholsome stews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.

Loth. Think'st thou I forg'd the letter? Think so [still,
'Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,
And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.

Hor. Away! no woman could descend so low:
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are,
Fit only for yourselves: You herd together;
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.
' Legends of saints, who never yet had being,

' Or

' Or being, ne'er were ſaints, are not ſo falſe
' As the fond tales which you recount of love.'
Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leiſure,
I could produce ſuch damning proof——
Hor. 'Tis falſe:
You blaſt the fair with lies becauſe they ſcorn you,
Hate you like age, like uglineſs and impotence;
Rather than make you bleſt, they would die virgins,
And ſtop the propagation of mankind.
Loth. It is the curſe of fools to be ſecure,
And that be thine and *Altamont*'s: Dream on,
Nor think upon my vengeance, 'till thou feel'ſt it.
Hor. Hold, Sir, another word, and then farewel;
Tho' I think greatly of *Caliſta*'s virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy pow'r to hurt;
Yet as ſhe ſhares the honor of my *Altamont*,
That treaſure of a ſoldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expence, I muſt not have
(Mark me, young Sir) her very name profan'd.
Learn to reſtrain the licence of your ſpeech;
'Tis held you are too laviſh: When you are met
Among your ſet of fools, talk of your dreſs,
Of dice, of whores, of horſes, and yourſelves;
'Tis ſafer, and becomes your underſtandings.
Loth. What if we paſs beyond this ſolemn order?
And, in defiance of the ſtern *Horatio*,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter looſe,
And uſe his ſacred friendſhip for our mirth.
Hor. 'Tis well! Sir, you are pleaſant——
Loth. By the joys,
Which my ſoul yet has uncontroll'd purſu'd,
I would not turn aſide from my leaſt pleaſure,
Tho' all thy force were arm'd to bar my ways;
But like the birds, great nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
Rifle the ſweets, and taſte the choiceſt fruits,
Yet ſcorn to aſk the lordly owner's leave.
Hor. What liberty has vain preſumptuous youth,
That thou ſhould'ſt dare provoke me unchaſtis'd?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee ſhun my walks;
If in the bounds of yon forbidden place
Again thou'rt found, expect a puniſhment,
Such as great ſouls, impatient of an injury,

Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n death;
Or something worse; an injur'd husband's vengeance
Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fine form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of Heav'n.

Loth. Is then my way in *Genoa* prescrib'd,
By a dependent on the wretched *Altamont*,
A talking Sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valor's reputation!

Hor. Away, thy speech is fouler than thy manners.

Loth. Or if there be a name more vile, his parasite,
A beggar's parasite!

Hor. Now learn humanity.
[*Offers to strike him,* Rossano *interposes.*
Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

Loth. Damnation! [*They draw.*

Ross. Hold, this goes no further here.
' *Horatio*, 'tis too much; already see,
' The crowd are gath'ring to us.'

Loth. Oh *Rossano!*
Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

Ross. Sciolto's servants too have ta'en th' alarm;
You'll be opprest by numbers: ' be advis'd,
' Or I must force you hence;' take't on my word,
You shall have justice done you on *Horatio*.
Put up, my Lord.

Loth. This wo'not brook delay;
West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon to-morrow I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.

Hor. I'll meet thee there.

Loth. To-morrow, oh my better stars! to-morrow
Exert your influence, shine strongly for me;
'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,
Since love, as well as arms, must grace my triumph.
[*Exeunt* Lothario *and* Rossano.

Hor. Two hours ere noon to morrow! Ha! ere that
He sees *Calista!* Oh unthinking fool——
What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger?
If any spark from Heav'n remain unquenched
Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it;
Cou'd I but prosper there, I would not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,

Did

Did you but think how ſeldom fools are juſt,
So many of your ſex would not in vain,
Of broken vows, and faithleſs men, complain.
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of ſenſe betrayed?
Convinc'd by reaſon, they your pow'r confeſs,
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bleſs.
And conſcious of your worth, can never love you leſs.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *An Apartment in* Sciolto's *Palace.*

Enter Sciolto *and* Caliſta.

Sci. NOW by my life, my honour, 'tis too much;
Have I not mark'd thee wayward as thou [art,
Perverſe and ſullen all this day of joy?
When ev'ry heart was chear'd, and mirth went round,
Sorrow, diſpleaſure, and repining anguiſh,
Sat on thy brow; ' like ſome malignant planet,
' Foe to the harveſt, and the healthy year,
' Who ſcouls adverſe, and lours upon the world;
' When all the other ſtars, with gentle aſpect,
' Propitious ſhine, and meaning good to man.'
Cal. Is then the taſk of duty half perform'd?
Has not your daughter giv'n herſelf to *Altamont.*
Yielded the native freedom of her will,
To an imperious huſband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's ſtern command?
Sci. Doſt thou complain?
Cal. For pity do not frown then,
If in deſpite of all my vow'd obedience,
A ſigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance;
For oh! that ſorrow which has drawn your anger.
Is the ſad native of *Caliſta*'s breaſt,
' And once poſſeſt will never quit its dwelling,
' 'Till life, the prop of all, ſhall leave the building,
' To tumble down, and moulder into ruin.'
Sci. Now by the ſacred duſt of that dear ſaint,

That was thy mother, by her wond'rous goodneſs,
Her ſoft, her tender, moſt complying ſweetneſs,
I ſwear ſome ſullen thought that ſhuns the light,
Lurks underneath that ſadneſs in thy viſage.
But mark me well; tho' by yon Heav'n I love thee,
As much, I think, as a fond parent can;
Yet ſhouldſt thou (which the pow'rs above forbid)
E'er ſtain the honour of thy name with infamy,
I'll caſt thee off, as one whoſe impious hands
Had rent aſunder Nature's neareſt ties,
Which once divided never join again.
To-day, I've made a noble youth thy huſband,
Conſider well his worth, reward his love,
Be willing to be happy, and thou art ſo.
[*Exit* Sciolto.

Cal. How hard is the condition of our ſex,
Thro' ev'ry ſtate of life the ſlaves of man?
In all the dear delightful days of youth,
A rigid father dictates to our wills,
And deals out pleaſure with a ſcanty hand:
To his, the tyrant huſband's reign ſucceeds;
Proud with opinion of ſuperior reaſon,
He holds domeſtic bus'neſs and devotion
All we are capable to know, and ſhuts us,
Like cloiſter'd idiots, from the world's acquaintance,
And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high ſouls, but to aſſert ourſelves,
Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
And claim an equal empire o'er the world?

Enter Horatio.

Hor. She's here! yet oh! my tongue is at a loſs:
Teach me, ſome pow'r, that happy art of ſpeech,
To dreſs my purpoſe up in gracious words;
Such as may ſoftly ſteal upon her ſoul,
And never waken the tempeſtuous paſſions.
By Heav'n ſhe weeps!——Forgive me, fair *Caliſta*,
If I preſume on privilege of friendſhip,
To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
That hurt your peace, and quench thoſe eyes in tears.

Cal. To ſteal unlooked for on my private ſorrow,
Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
But rather means the ſpy.

Hor. Unkindly ſaid!
For oh! as ſure as you accuſe me falſly,
I come to prove myſelf *Caliſta*'s friend.
Cal. You are my huſband's friend, the friend of [*Altamont.*
Hor. Are you not one? Are you not join'd by Heav'n,
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
' Are you not mix'd like ſtreams of meeting rivers,
' Whoſe blended waters are no more diſtinguiſh'd,
' But roll into the ſea, one common flood?'
Then, who can give his friendſhip but to one?
Who can be *Altamont*'s, and not *Caliſta*'s!
Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will ſtill look back to their own choice.
' So the poor captive in a foreign realm,
' Stands on the ſhore, and ſends his wiſhes back
' To the dear native land from whence he came.'
Hor. When ſouls that ſhould agree to will the ſame,
To have one common object for their wiſhes,
Look different ways, regardleſs of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedneſs enſues;
Love ſhall be baniſh'd from the genial bed,
The night ſhall all be lonely and unquiet,
And ev'ry day ſhall be a day of cares.
Cal. Then all the boaſted office of thy friendſhip,
Was but to tell *Caliſta* what a wretch ſhe is:
Alas! what needed that?
Hor. Oh! rather ſay,
I came to tell her how ſhe might be happy;
To ſooth the ſecret anguiſh of her ſoul,
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her ſteps to know the paths of peace.
Cal. Say thou, to whom this paradiſe is known,
Where lies this bliſsful region? Mark my way to it,
For oh! 'tis ſure, I long to be at reſt.
Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy:—Angels
Are happier than mankind, becauſe they are better.
Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and ſtings; the bleſt know none of this,
But reſt in everlaſting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their Heav'n is goodneſs.

Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax *Calista*'s name with guilt?
Hor. None should; but 'tis a busy, talking world,
That with licentious breath blows like the wind,
As freely on the palace, as the cottage.
Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
Which thou wouldst seem unwilling to express,
As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
And let thy oracle be understood.
Hor. Lothario!
Cal. Ha! What wouldst thou mean by him?
Hor. Lothario and *Calista!*——Thus they join
Two names, which Heav'n decreed should never meet.
Hence have the talkers of this populous city,
A shameful tale to tell for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When she had giv'n her honour to a wretch.
Cal. Death! and confusion! have I liv'd to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vilest creature,
That ever was a slave to vice and infamy.
Hor. By honour and fair truth you wrong me much;
For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office:
I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood a-cross my way, to save your honour,
Yours and *Sciolto*'s, yours and *Altamont*'s;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile,
To save his tender wife with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.
Cal. Is this! is this the famous friend of *Altamont*,
For noble worth, and deeds of arms renown'd?
Is this! this tale-bearing, officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes;
This wretched *Argus* of a jealous husband,
That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife;
Who guiltless dies, because her fool ran mad?
Hor. Alas! this rage is vain; for if your fame,

Or

Or peace be worth your care, you muſt be calm,
And liſten to the means are left to ſave 'em.
'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.
By me your genius ſpeaks, by me it warns you,
Never to ſee that curſt *Lothario* more;
Unleſs you mean to be deſpis'd, be ſhunn'd
By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons;
Unleſs you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diſeaſes, proſtitution——

Cal. Diſhonour blaſt thee, baſe, unmanner'd ſlave!
That dar'ſt forget my birth, and ſacred ſex,
And ſhock me with the rude unhallow'd ſound.

Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful face of Heav'n
Breathe out a ſolemn vow, never to ſee,
Nor think, if poſſible, on him that ruin'd thee;
Or by my *Altamont*'s dear life I ſwear,
This paper!—Nay you muſt not fly!—This paper,
[*Holding her.*
This guilty paper ſhall divulge your ſhame——

Cal. What mean'ſt thou by that paper? What con-
Haſt thou been forging to deceive my father, [trivance
To turn his heart againſt his wretched daughter,
That *Altamont* and thou may ſhare his wealth?
A wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The weakneſs of my ſex.——Oh for a ſword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's hand
That forg'd the ſcrowl.

Hor. Behold, can this be forg'd?
See where *Caliſta*'s Name——
[*Shewing the letter near.*

Cal. To atoms thus [*Tearing it.*
Thus let me tear the vile, deteſted falſhood,
The wicked, lying evidence of ſhame.

Hor. Confuſion!

Cal. Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare ev'n on thy life
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue,
I am myſelf the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear ſo inſolent a monitor.

Enter Altamont.

Alt. Where is my life, my love, my charming bride,
Joy of my heart, and pleaſure of my eyes,
' The wiſh, and care, and buſ'neſs of my youth?

‘ Oh! let me find her, ſnatch her to my breaſt!
‘ And tell her ſhe delays my bliſs too long,
‘ 'Till my ſoft ſoul ev'n ſickens with deſire.'
Diſorder'd!——and in tears! *Horatio* too!
My friend is in amaze!——What can it mean?
Tell me, *Caliſta*, who has done thee wrong,
That my ſwift ſword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample juſtice.

Cal. Turn to him.

Alt. *Horatio!*

Cal. To that inſolent.

Alt. My friend!
Could he do this! He, who was half myſelf!
One faith has ever bound us, and one reaſon
Guided our wills: Have I not found him juſt,
Honeſt as truth itſelf? And could he break
The ſanctity of friendſhip? Could he wound
The heart of *Altamont* in his *Caliſta?*

Cal. I thought what juſtice I ſhould find from thee?
Go fawn upon him, liſten to his tale,
Applaud his malice, that would blaſt my fame,
And treat me like a common proſtitute.
Thou art perhaps confed'rate in his miſchief,
And will believe the legend, if he tells it.

Alt. Oh impious! What preſumptuous wretch ſhall dare
To offer an injury like that?
Prieſthood, nor age, nor cowardiſe itſelf,
Shall ſave him from the fury of my vengeance.

Cal. The man who dar'd to do it was *Horatio!*
Thy darling friend! 'Twas *Altamont*'s *Horatio!*
But mark me well! while thy divided heart
Dotes on a villain that has wrong'd me thus,
No force ſhall drag me to thy hated bed;
Nor can my cruel father's pow'r do more
Than ſhut me in a cloiſter; there, well pleas'd,
Religious hardſhips will I learn to bear,
To faſt, and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r;
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
With melancholy, ſpeechleſs ſaints to dwell;
But bleſs the day I to that refuge ran,
Free from the marriage chain, and from that tyrant, man. [*Exit* Caliſta.

Alt.

Alt. She's gone; and as ſhe went, ten thouſand fires
Shot from her angry eyes, as if ſhe meant
Too well to keep the cruel vow ſhe made.
Now as thou art a man, *Horatio*, tell me,
What means this wild confuſion in thy looks?
As if thou wert at variance with thyſelf.
Madneſs and reaſon combating within thee,
And thou wert doubtful which ſhould get the better.
Hor. I would be dumb for ever, but thy fate
Has otherwiſe decreed it; thou haſt ſeen
That idol of thy ſoul, that fair *Caliſta*,
Thou haſt beheld her tears.
Alt. I have ſeen her weep,
I've ſeen that lovely one, that dear *Caliſta*,
Complaining in the bitterneſs of ſorrow,
That thou! my friend! *Horatio!* thou hadſt wrong'd her.
Hor. That I have wrong'd her! Had her eyes been fed
From that rich ſtream which warms her heart, and number'd
For ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been too much; for ſhe has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my *Altamont!* She has undone thee.
Alt. Doſt thou join ruin with *Caliſta*'s name?
What is ſo fair, ſo exquiſitely good?
Is ſhe not more than painting can expreſs,
Or youthful poets fancy, when they love?
Does ſhe not come, like wiſdom, or good fortune,
Replete with bleſſings, giving wealth and honour?
The dowry which ſhe brings is peace and pleaſure,
And everlaſting joys are in her arms.
Hor. It had been better thou hadſt liv'd a beggar,
And fed on ſcraps at great men's ſurly doors,
Than to have match'd with one ſo falſe, ſo fatal.
Alt. It is too much for friendſhip to allow thee:
Becauſe I tamely bore the wrong thou didſt her,
Thou doſt avow the barb'rous, brutal part,
And urge the injury ev'n to my face.
Hor. I ſee ſhe'as got poſſeſſion of thy heart,
She'as charm'd thee, like a ſiren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting ſounds;
Too late the rocks and quick ſands will appear:
When thou art wreckt upon the faithleſs ſhore,
Then vainly wiſh thou hadſt not left thy friend,
To follow her deluſion.

Alt If thy friendship
Do churlishly deny my love a room,
It is not worth my keeping, I disclaim it.

Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I've been to thee?
I shar'd the task of nature with thy father,
And form'd with care thy inexperienc'd youth
To virtue and to arms.
Thy noble father, oh thou light young man!
Would he have us'd me thus? One fortune fed us,
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flourish'd, and together fell.
He call'd me friend, like thee: would he have left me
Thus? for a woman? nay, a vile one too?

Alt. Thou canst not, dar'st not mean it; speak again,
Say, who is vile? but dare not name *Calista*.

Hor. I had not spoke at first, unless compell'd,
And forc'd to clear myself; but since thus urg'd,
I must avow I do not know a viler.

Alt. Thou wert my father's friend, he lov'd thee well;
A kind of venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance:
I cannot, dare not lift my sword against thee,
But henceforth never let me see thee more.
[*Going out*.

Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must, and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Ev'n in despite of thee. [*Holds him*.

Alt. Let go my arm.

Hor. If honour be thy care, if thou wouldst live,
Without the name of credulous, wittal husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed,
The joys it yields are dash'd with poison———

Alt. Off!
To urge me but a minute more is fatal.

Hor. She is polluted! stain'd!

Alt. Madness and raging!
But hence!

Hor. Dishonour'd by the man you hate.

Alt. ' I pr'ythee loose me yet,' for thy own sake,
If life be worth the keeping———

Hor. By *Lothario*.

Alt. Perdition take thee, villain, for the falshood.
[*Strikes him*.
Now nothing but thy life can make atonement.

Hor.

Hor. A blow! thou haſt us'd me well—— [*Draws.*
Alt. This to thy heart.
Hor. Yet hold!——By Heav'n his father's in his face,
Spite of my wrongs my heart runs o'er with tenderneſs,
And I could rather die myſelf than hurt him.
Alt. Defend thyſelf, for by my much-wrong'd love,
I ſwear the poor evaſion ſhall not ſave thee.
Hor. Yet hold! thou know'ſt I dare!—Think how we've liv'd
[*They fight;* Altamont *preſſes on* Horatio, *who retires.*
Nay! then 'tis brutal violence! and thus,
Thus Nature bids me guard the life ſhe gave.
[*They fight.*
Lavinia *enters, and runs between their ſwords.*
Lav. My brother! my *Horatio!* is it poſſible?
Oh! turn your cruel ſwords upon *Lavinia.*
If you muſt quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold my heart ſhall give you all her ſtore,
To ſave thoſe dearer ſtreams that flow from yours.
Alt. 'Tis well thou haſt found a ſafe-guard; none but this,
No pow'r on earth could ſave thee from my fury.
' *Lav.* Oh fatal, deadly ſound!'
Hor. Safety from thee!
Away, vain boy! Haſt thou forgot the reverence
Due to my arm, thy firſt, thy great example,
Which pointed out the way to noble daring,
And ſhew'd thee what it was to be a man?
Lav. What buſy, meddling fiend, what foe to goodneſs,
Could kindle ſuch a diſcord? ' Oh! lay by
' Thoſe moſt ungentle looks, and angry weapons,
' Unleſs you mean my griefs, and killing fears,
' Should ſtretch me out at your relentleſs feet.
A wretched corpſe, the victim of your fury.
Hor. Aſk'ſt thou what made us foes? 'twas baſe ingratitude;
' 'Twas ſuch a ſin to friendſhip, as Heav'n's mercy,
' That ſtrives with man's untoward, monſtrous wickedneſs,
' Unweary'd with forgiving, ſcarce could pardon.'
He, who was all to me, child! brother! friend!
With barb'rous bloody malice, ſought my life.
Alt. Thou art my ſiſter, and I would not make thee
The lonely mourner of a widow'd bed,
Therefore thy huſband's life is ſafe; but warn him,
No more to know this hoſpitable roof.

He has but ill repaid *Sciolto*'s bounty;
We muſt not meet; 'tis dangerous; farewel.

[*He is going,* Lavinia *holds him.*

Lav. Stay, *Altamont,* my brother ſtay; if ever
Nature, or what is nearer much than nature,
The kind conſent of our agreeing minds,
Have made us dear to one another, ſtay,
And ſpeak one gentle word to your *Horatio.*
Behold, his anger melts, he longs to love you,
To call you friend, then preſs you hard, with all
The tender, ſpeechleſs joy of reconcilement.

Alt. It cannot, ſha'not be!—you muſt not hold me.

Lav. Look kindly then!

Alt. Each minute that I ſtay,
Is a new injury to fair *Caliſta.*
From thy falſe friendſhip to her arms I'll fly;
' There, if in any pauſe of love I reſt,
' Breathleſs with bliſs, upon her panting breaſt,
' In broken melting accents I will ſwear,
' Henceforth to truſt my heart with none but her;'
Then own the joys, which on her charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithleſs friend.

[*Altamont* breaks from *Lavinia,* and *Exit.*

Hor. Oh, raiſe thee, my *Lavinia,* from the earth;
It is too much, this [illegible]flowing grief,
This wond'rous waſte of tears, too much to give,
To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother.

Lav. Is there not cauſe for weeping? Oh *Horatio.*
A brother and a huſband were my treaſure,
'Twas all the little wealth that poor *Lavinia*
Sav'd from the ſhipwreck of her father's fortunes.
One half is loſt already; if thou leav'ſt me,
If thou ſhouldſt prove unkind to me, as *Altamont,*
Whom ſhall I find to pity my diſtreſs,
To have compaſſion on a helpleſs wanderer,
And give her where to lay her wretched head?

Hor. Why doſt thou wound me with thy ſoft complain-[ings?
Tho' *Altamont* be falſe, and uſe me hardly,
Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forſaken, for I'll keep thee,
Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happineſs.
' Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full of goodneſs,
' And made thee all my portion here on earth;

It

' It gave thee to me, as a large amends,
' For fortune, friends, and all the world beside.'
Lav. Then will you love me still, cherish me ever,
And hide me from misfortune in your bosom:
' Here end my cares, nor will I lose one thought,
' How we shall live, or purchase food and raiment.
' The holy Pow'r, who clothes the senseless earth,
' With woods, with fruits, with flow'rs and verdant grass,
' Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
' Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.'
Hor. From *Genoa*, from falshood and inconstancy,
To some more honest distant clime we'll go,
Nor will I be beholden to my country,
For ought but thee, the partner of my flight.
Lav. Yes, I will follow thee; forsake, for thee,
My country, brother, friends, ev'n all I have;
Tho' mine's a little all; yet were it more,
And better far, it should be left for thee,
And all that I would keep should be *Horatio*.
So when a merchant sees his vessel lost,
Tho' richly freighted from a foreign coast;
Gladly, for life, the treasure he would give;
And only wishes to escape, and live.
Gold and his gains no more employ his mind,
But driving o'er the billows with the wind,
Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest behind.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Garden.*

' *Enter* Altamont.'

' *Alt.* WITH what unequal tempers are we form'd?
' One day the soul, supine with ease and [fulness,
' Revels secure, and fondly tells herself,
' The hour of evil can return no more;
' The next, the spirits pall'd, and sick of riot,
' Turn all to discord, and we hate our beings,

‘ Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,
‘ And bitterness, and anguish. Oh! last night!
‘ What has ungrateful beauty paid me back,
‘ For all that mass of friendship which I squander'd?
‘ Coldness, aversion, tears, and sullen sorrow,
‘ Dash'd all my bliss, and damp'd my bridal bed.
‘ Soon as the morning dawn'd, she vanished from me,
‘ Relentless to the gentle call of love,
‘ I have lost a friend, and I have gain'd——a wife!
‘ Turn not to thought, my brain; but let me find
‘ Some unfrequented shade, there lay me down,
‘ And let forgetful dulness steal upon me,
‘ To soften and asswage this pain of thinking. [*Exit.*

Enter Lothario *and* Calista.

Loth. Weep not, my fair, but let the god of love
Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys; nor let a thought
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

Cal. Seek not to sooth me with thy false endearments,
To charm me with thy softness: 'tis in vain;
Thou canst no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
The hours of folly, and of fond delight,
Are wasted all and fled; those that remain
Are doom'd to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account,
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou hast undone me.

Loth. Unjust *Calista!* dost thou call it ruin,
To love as we have done; to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest ev'n to that wish's height?
To die with joy, and strait to live again,
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport.——

Cal. Oh! let me hear no more, I cannot bear it.
'Tis deadly to remembrance; let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year,
‘ Let not the voice of mirth, or music know it,
‘ Let it be dark and desolate, no stars
‘ To glitter o'er it; let it wish for light,
‘ Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn;’

For 'twas the night that gave me up to ſhame,
To ſorrow, to the perfidious falſe *Lothario.*
Loth. Hear this, ye Pow'rs! mark how the fair deceiver
Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me falſe, ev'n ſhe, the faithleſs ſhe,
Whom day and night, whom Heav'n and earth have [heard
Sighing to vow, and tenderly proteſt,
Ten thouſand times, ſhe would be only mine,
And yet, behold, ſhe has giv'n herſelf away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom moſt I hate on earth.
Cal. Art thou ſo baſe to upbraid me with a crime,
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cauſe?
If indignation, raging in my ſoul,
For thy unmanly inſolence and ſcorn,
Urg'd me to do a deed of deſperation,
And wound myſelf to be reveng'd on thee,
Think whom I ſhould devote to death and hell,
Whom curſe, as my undoer, but *Lothario*;
Hadſt thou been juſt, not all *Sciolto*'s pow'r,
Not all the vows and pray'rs of ſighing *Altamont*,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forſake thee.
Loth. How have I fail'd in juſtice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at firſt?
Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languiſh for thee,
My tranſports are as fierce, as ſtrong my wiſhes,
As if thou hadſt never bleſt me with thy beauty.
Cal. How didſt thou dare to think that I would live
A ſlave to baſe deſires, and brutal pleaſures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leiſures,
To toy, and waſte an hour of idle time with?
My ſoul diſdains thee for ſo mean a thought.
Loth. The driving ſtorm of paſſion will have way,
And I muſt yield before it; wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal, whom thou haſt doom'd,
Has yet a thouſand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter behind them Altamont.

Alt. I have loſt my peace—Ha! do I live and wake!
Cal. Hadſt thou been true, how happy had I been?
Not *Altamont*, but thou hadſt been my lord.
But wherefore nam'd I happineſs with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curſt;

For

For thee, my ſecret ſoul each hour arraigns me,
Calls me to anſwer for my virtue ſtain'd,
My honour loſt to thee; for thee it haunts me,
With ſtern *Sciolto* vowing vengeance on me;
With *Altamont* complaining for his wrongs———

Alt. Behold him here—— [*Coming forward.*

Cal. Ah! [*Starting.*

Alt. The wretch! whom thou haſt made,
Curſes and ſorrows haſt thou heap'd upon him,
And vengeance is the only good is left. [*Drawing.*

Loth. Thou haſt ta'en me ſomewhat unawares, 'tis true;
But love and war take turns like day and night,
And little preparation ſerves my turn,
Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.
We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarel;
Earth, Heav'n, and fair *Caliſta* judge the combat.

Cal. Diſtraction! fury! ſorrow! ſhame! and death!

' *Alt.* Thou haſt talk'd too much, thy breath is poiſon to me,
' It taints the ambient air; this for my father,
' This for *Sciolto*, and the laſt for *Altamont.*

[*They fight;* Lothario *is wounded once or twice, and then falls.*

Oh, *Altamont!* thy genius is the ſtronger,
Thou haſt prevail'd!—My fierce, ambitious ſoul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
Yet let not this advantage ſwell thy pride,
I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd:
Thoſe joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
That ſweet revenge comes ſmiling to my thoughts,
Adorns my fall, and chears my heart in dying. [*dies.*

Cal. And what remains for me, beſet with ſhame,
Encompaſs'd round with wretchedneſs? There is
But this one way, to break the toil, and 'ſcape.

[*She catches up* Lothario's *ſword, and offers to kill herſelf;* Altamont *runs to her, and wreſts it from her.*

Alt. What means thy frantic rage?

Cal. Off! let me go.

Alt. Oh! thou haſt more than murder'd me: yet ſtill,
Still art thou here! and my ſoul ſtarts with horror,
At thought of any danger that may reach thee.

Cal-

Cal. Think'ſt thou I mean to live? to be forgiv'n?
Oh! thou haſt known but little of *Caliſta*;
If thou hadſt never heard my ſhame, if only
The midnight moon, and ſilent ſtars had ſeen it,
I would not bear to be reproach'd by them,
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.

Sci. (*within*) What ho! my ſon!

' *Alt.* Is it *Sciolto* calls; come near and find me;
' The wretched'ſt thing of all my kind on earth.'

Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?
Madneſs! confuſion! let the ſtorm come on,
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me,
Daſh my devoted bark; ye ſurges, break it;
'Tis for my ruin that the tempeſt riſes.
When I am loſt, ſunk to the bottom low,
Peace ſhall return, and all be calm again.

Enter Sciolto.

Sci. Ev'n now *Roſſano* leap'd the garden walls——
Ha! death has been among you—Oh my fears!
Laſt night thou hadſt a diff'rence with thy friend,
The cauſe thou gav'ſt me for it was a damn'd one;
Didſt thou not wrong the man who told the truth?
Anſwer me quick———

Alt. Oh! preſs me not to ſpeak,
Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the mention
Will lay me dead before you; ſee that body,
And gueſs my ſhame! my ruin! Oh *Caliſta!*

Sci. It is enough! but I am ſlow to execute,
And juſtice lingers in my lazy hand;
Thus let me wipe diſhonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou ſtain to goodneſs—

[*Offers to kill* Caliſta, Altamont *holds him.*

Alt. Stay thee, *Sciolto,* thou raſh father, ſtay,
Or turn the point on me, and thro' my breaſt
Cut out the bloody paſſage to *Caliſta*;
So ſhall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wiſh'd to live.

Cal. No, *Altamont!* my heart, that ſcorn'd thy love,
Shall never be indebted to thy pity;
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I ſeem,
Still I have ſomething of *Sciolto*'s virtue.
Yes! yes, my father, I applaud thy juſtice,

Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow,
Be merciful, and free me from my pain,
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
The chearful day, men, earth, and heav'n, and thee,
Ev'n thee, thou venerable good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.

Alt. Listen not to the wildness of her raving.
Remember nature! Should thy daughter's murder
Defile that hand, so just, so great in arms,
Her blood would rest upon thee to posterity,
Pollute thy name, and sully all thy wars.

' *Cal.* Have I not wrong'd his gentle nature much?
' And yet behold him pleading for my life.
' Lost as thou art to virtue, oh *Calista!*
' I think thou canst not bear to be outdone:
' Then haste to die, and be oblig'd no more.'

Sci. Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,
And sav'd me from a crime; then rest, my sword;
To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge:
But, mark me well, I will have justice done;
Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunish'd,
I will see justice executed on thee,
Ev'n to a *Roman* strictness; and thou, nature,
Or whatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
Be still, thy tender strugglings are in vain.

Cal. Then am I doom'd to live, and bear your triumph?
To groan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraidings,
' Daily to be reproach'd, and have my misery
' At morn, at noon, at night told over to me,
' Lest my remembrance might grow pitiful,
' And grant a moment's interval of peace;'
Is this, is this the mercy of a father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.

Sci. Hence from my sight, thy father cannot bear thee;
Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortune, cares and anguish dwell;
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
And death and hell detested rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wish thy name may be no more remember'd.

Cal. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,

And

And be more curst than you can wish I were;
This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,
Fasting, and tears, and hardship shall destroy;
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated life.
Then when you see me meagre, wan and chang'd,
Stretched at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have wash'd her stains away,
At length 'tis time her punishment should cease;
Die, thou poor suff'ring wretch, and be at peace.
[*Exit* Calista.

Sci. Who of my servants wait there?
Enter two or three Servants.
On your lives
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

Alt. There is a fatal fury in your visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction:
' My father, I am sick of many sorrows,
' Ev'n now my easy heart is breaking with 'em,
' Yet, above all, one fear distracts me most,'
I tremble at the vengeance you meditate,
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear *Calista*.

Sci. Hast thou not read what brave *Virginius* did?
With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
To save her from the fierce *Decemvir*'s lust.
He slew her yet unspotted, to prevent
The shame which she might know. Then what should I do?
But thou hast ty'd my hand.—I wo'not kill her;
Yet by the ruin she has brought upon us,
' The common infamy that brands us both,'
She sha'not 'scape.

Alt. You mean that she shall die then?

Sci. Ask me not what, nor how I have resolv'd,
For all within is anarchy and uproar.
Oh *Altamont!* what a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroy'd! Well did I hope
This daughter would have blest my latter days,
That I should live to see you the world's wonder;

So

So happy, great, and good, that none were like you.
While I, from buſy life and care ſet free,
Had ſpent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little prattling race of yours:
There, like an old man talk'd a while, and then
Laid down and ſlept in peace. Inſtead of this,
Sorrow and ſhame muſt bring me to my grave;
Oh damn her! damn her!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Arm yourſelf, my Lord;
Roſſano, who but now eſcap'd the garden,
Has gather'd in the ſtreet a band of rioters,
Who threaten you, and all your friends, with ruin,
Unleſs *Lothario* be returned in ſafety.

Sci. By Heav'n, their fury riſes to my wiſh,
Nor ſhall misfortune know my houſe alone,
But thou, *Lothario,* and thy race, ſhall pay me,
For all the ſorrows which my age is curſt with.
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the ſtate; all ſhall be ſummon'd:
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
And vindicate thy vengeance. Raiſe the body,
And bear it in; his friends ſhall buy him dearly,
I will have blood for ranſom: When our force
Is full, and arm'd, we ſhall expect thy ſword,
To join with us, and ſacrifice to juſtice. [*Exit.*

[*The body of* Lothario *is carried off by Servants.*

' *Alt.* There is a ſtupid weight upon my ſenſes,
' A diſmal ſullen ſtillneſs, that ſucceeds
' The ſtorm of rage and grief, like ſilent death,
' After the tumult and the noiſe of life.
' Wou'd it were death, as ſure 'tis wond'rous like it,
' For I am ſick of living, my ſoul's pall'd,
' She kindles not with anger or revenge;
' Love was th' informing, active fire within,
' Now that is quench'd, the maſs forgets to move,
' And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.

' *A tumultuous noiſe with claſhing of ſwords as*
' *at a little diſtance.*'

Enter Lavinia *with two Servants, their ſwords drawn.*

Lav. Fly, ſwiftly fly, to my *Horatio*'s aid,
Nor loſe your vain officious cares on me;
Bring me my Lord, my huſband to my arms;

He

He is *Lavinia*'s life, bring him me safe,
And I shall be at ease, be well and happy.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

Alt. Art thou *Lavinia?* Oh! what barb'rous hand
Could wrong thy poor, defenceless innocence,
' And leave such marks of more than savage fury?'

Lav. My brother! O my heart is full of fears;
Perhaps ev'n now my dear *Horatio* bleeds.
Not far from hence, as passing to the port,
By a mad multitude we were surrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted swords,
And cried aloud for vengeance, and *Lothario.*
My Lord, with ready boldness, stood the shock,
To shelter me from danger, but in vain,
Had not a party from *Sciolto*'s palace,
Rush'd out, and snatch'd me from amidst the fray.

Alt. What of my friend?

Lav. Ha! by my joys 'tis he, [*Looking out.*
He lives, he comes to bless me, he is safe!—

Enter Horatio, *with two or three Servants, their swords drawn.*

1 *Serv.* 'Twere at the utmost hazard of your life
To venture forth again, 'till we are stronger;
Their number trebles ours.

Hor. No matter, let it;
Death is not half so shocking as that traitor.
My honest soul is mad with indignation,
To think her plainness could be so abus'd,
As to mistake that wretch, and call him friend;
I cannot bear the sight.

Alt. Open thou earth,
Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark bosom,
To hide me from *Horatio.*

Hor. Oh *Lavinia!*
Believe not but I joy to see thee safe:
Would our ill fortune had not drove us hither;
I could ev'n wish, we rather had been wreckt
On any other shore, than sav'd on this.

Lav. Oh, let us bless the mercy that preserv'd us,
That gracious pow'r that sav'd us for each other:
And, to adorn the sacrifice of praise,
Offer forgiveness too; be thou like Heav'n,
And put away th' offences of thy friend,
Far, far from thy remembrance.

' *Alt.*

' *Alt.* I have mark'd him,
' To see if one forgiving glance stole hither,
' If any spark of friendship were alive,
' That would, by sympathy, at meeting glow,
' And strive to kindle up the flame anew;
' 'Tis lost, 'tis gone, his soul is quite estrang'd,
' And knows me for its counterpart no more.
' *Hor.* Thou know'st thy rule, thy empire in *Horatio*,
' Nor canst thou ask in vain, command in vain,
' Where nature, reason, nay, where love is judge;
' But when you urge my temper, to comply
' With what it most abhors, I cannot do it.
' *Lav.* Where didst thou get this sullen gloomy hate?
' It was not in thy nature to be thus;
' Come put it off, and let thy heart be chearful,
' Be gay again, and know the joys of friendship,
' The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
' The double joys, where each is glad for both;
' Friendship, the wealth, the last retreat and strength,
' Secure against ill fortune, and the world.'
Hor. I am not apt to take a light offence,
But patient of the failings of my friends,
And willing to forgive; but when an injury
Stabs to the heart, and rouses my resentment,
(Perhaps it is the fault of my rude nature)
I own I cannot easily forgive it.
Alt. Thou hast forgot me.
Hor. No.
Alt. Why are thy eyes
Impatient of me then, scornful and fierce?
Hor. Because they speak the meaning of my heart,
Because they are honest, and disdain a villain.
Alt. I have wrong'd thee much, *Horatio.*
Hor. True, thou hast.
When I forget it, may I be a wretch,
Vile as thyself, a false perfidious fellow,
' An infamous, believing, *British* husband.'
Alt. I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has well [aveng'd it.
I have not, since we parted, been at peace,
Nor known one joy sincere; ' our broken friendship
' Pursu'd me to the last retreat of love,
' Stood glaring like a ghost, and made me cold with [horror.
' Misfortunes on misfortunes press upon me,

Swell

' Swell o'er my head, like waves, and dash me down.
' Sorrow, remorse, and shame, have torn my soul,
' They hang like winter on my youthful hopes,
' And blast the spring and promise of my year.
' *Lav.* So flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a grave,
' To lose their freshness amongst bones and rottenness,
' And have their odors stifled in the dust.'
Canst thou hear this, thou cruel, hard *Horatio?*
Canst thou behold thy *Altamont* undone?
That gentle, that dear youth? canst thou behold him,
His poor heart broken, death in his pale visage,
And groaning out his woes, yet stand unmov'd?
Hor. The brave and wise I pity in misfortune,
But when ingratitude and folly suffers,
'Tis weakness to be touch'd.
Alt. I wo'not ask thee
To pity or forgive me; but confess,
This scorn, this insolence of hate is just;
'Tis constancy of mind, and manly in thee.
But oh! had I been wrong'd by thee, *Horatio*,
There is a yielding softness in my heart
Could ne'er have stood it out, but I had ran,
With streaming eyes and open arms, upon thee,
And prest thee close, close!
Hor. I must hear no more,
The weakness is contagious, I shall catch it,
And be a tame fond wretch.
Lav. Where wouldst thou go?
Wouldst thou part thus? You sha'not, 'tis impossible;
For I will bar thy passage, kneeling thus:
Perhaps thy cruel hand may spurn me off,
But I will throw my body in thy way,
And thou shalt trample o'er my faithful bosom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me, ere thou pass.
Alt. Urge not in vain thy pious suit, *Lavinia*,
' I have enough to rid me of my pain.'
Calista, thou hadst reach'd my heart before;
To make all sure, my friend repeats the blow:
But in the grave our cares shall be forgotten,
There love and friendship cease. [*Falls.*
' [Lavinia *runs to him, and endeavours to raise him.*
' *Lav.* Speak to me, *Altamont*.
' He faints! he dies! Now turn and see thy triumph.

My

‘ My brother! But our cares ſhall end together;
‘ Here will I lay me down by thy dear ſide,
‘ Bemoan thy too hard fate, then ſhare it with thee,
‘ And never ſee my cruel lord again.’

[Horatio *runs to* Altamont, *and raiſes him in his arms.*

Hor. It is too much to bear! Look up, my *Altamont!*
My ſtubborn, unrelenting heart has kill'd him.
Look up and bleſs me, tell me that thou liv'ſt.
Oh! I have urg'd thy gentleneſs too far; [*He revives.*
‘ Do thou and my *Lavinia* both forgive me;
‘ A flood of tenderneſs comes o'er my ſoul;’
I cannot ſpeak—I love! forgive! and pity thee.—

Alt. I thought that nothing could have ſtay'd my ſoul,
That long ere this her flight had reach'd the ſtars;
But thy known voice has lur'd her back again.
Methinks I fain would ſet all right with thee,
Make up this moſt unlucky breach, and then,
With thine and Heav'n's forgiveneſs on my ſoul,
Shrink to my grave, and be at eaſe for ever,

Hor. By Heav'n my heart bleeds for thee; ev'n this moment,
I feel thy pangs of diſappointed love.
‘ Is it not pity that this youth ſhould fall,
‘ That all his wond'rous goodneſs ſhould be loſt,
‘ And the world never know it? Oh, my *Altamont!*
‘ Give me thy ſorrows, let me bear 'em for thee,
‘ And ſhelter thee from ruin.’

Lav. Oh my brother!
Think not but we will ſhare in all thy woes,
We'll ſit all day, and tell ſad tales of love:
And when we light upon ſome faithleſs woman,
Some beauty, like *Caliſta*, falſe and fair,
We'll fix our grief, and our complaining there;
We'll curſe the nymph that drew the ruin on,
And mourn the youth that was like thee undone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *A room hung with black; on one ſide* Lothario's *body on a bier; on the other, a table, with a ſcull and other bones, a book and a lamp on it.*

Caliſta *is diſcover'd on a couch in black; her hair hanging looſe and diſorder'd: after muſic 'and a ſong,' ſhe riſes and comes forward.*

'SONG.

I.

'*HEAR, you midnight phantoms hear,*
'*You who pale and wan appear,*
'*And fill the wretch, who wakes, with fear,*
'*You who wander, ſcream, and groan*
'*Round the manſions once your own,*
'*You, whom ſtill your crimes upbraid,*
'*You, who reſt not with the dead;*
'*From the coverts where you ſtray,*
'*Where you lurk, and ſhun the day,*
'*From the charnel and the tomb,*
'*Hither haſte ye, hither come.*

II.

'*Chide* Caliſta *for delay,*
'*Tell her 'tis for her, you ſtay;*
'*Bid her die, and come away.*
'*See the ſexton with his ſpade,*
'*See the grave already made;*
'*Liſten, fair one, to thy knell,*
'*This muſic is thy paſſing bell.*'

Cal. 'Tis well! theſe ſolemn ſounds, this pomp of horror,
Are fit to feed the frenzy in my ſoul;
Here's room for meditation ev'n to madneſs,
'Till the mind burſt with thinking. This dull flame
Sleeps in the ſocket. Sure the book was left
To tell me ſomething;———for inſtruction then———
He teaches holy ſorrow, and contrition,
And penitence;———Is it become an art then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen

Can

Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't;
[*Throwing away the book.*
I have more real anguiſh in my heart,
Than all their pedant diſcipline e'er knew.
What charnel has been rifled for theſe bones?
Fy! this is pageantry; they look uncoothly.
But what of that? If he or ſhe that own'd 'em,
Safe from diſquiet ſit, and ſmile to ſee
The farce their miſerable relicts play.
But here's a ſight is terrible indeed;
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay *Lothario*,
That dear perfidious—Ah!—how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood, and thoſe dead eyes!
Aſcend, ye ghoſts, fantaſtic forms of night,
In all your diff'rent dreadful ſhapes aſcend,
And match the preſent horror, if you can.

Enter Sciolto.

Sci. This dead of night, this ſilent hour of darkneſs,
Nature for reſt ordain'd, and ſoft repoſe;
And yet diſtraction, and tumultuous jars,
Keep all our frighted citizens awake:
' The ſenate, weak, divided and irreſolute,
' Want pow'r to ſuccour the afflicted ſtate.
' Vainly in words and long debates they're wiſe,
' While the fierce factions ſcorn their peaceful orders,
' And drown the voice of law in noiſe and anarchy.'
Amidſt the general wreck, ſee where ſhe ſtands,
[*Pointing to* Caliſta.
Like *Helen*, in the night when *Troy* was ſack'd,
Spectatreſs of the miſchief which ſhe made.

Cal. It is *Sciolto!* be thyſelf, my ſoul;
Be ſtrong to bear his fatal indignation,
That he may ſee thou art not loſt ſo far,
But ſomewhat ſtill of his great ſpirit lives
In the forlorn *Caliſta*.

Sci. Thou wert once
My daughter.

Cal. Happy were it I had died,
And never loſt that name.

Sci. That's ſomething yet.
Thou wert the very darling of my age;
I thought the day too ſhort to gaze upon thee,
That all the bleſſings I could gather for thee,

By cares on earth, and by my pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my fondneſs to beſtow;
Why, diſt tho turn to folly then and curſe me?
Cal. Becauſe my ſoul was rudely drawn from yours;
A poor imperfect copy of my father,
' Where goodneſs, and the ſtrength of manly virtue,
' Was thinly planted, and the idle void
' Fill'd up with light belief, and eaſy fondneſs;'
It was, becauſe I lov'd, and was a woman.
Sci. Hadſt thou been honeſt, thou hadſt been a cherubin;
But of that joy, as of a gem long loſt,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Haſt thou e'er dar'd to meditate on death?
Cal. I have, as on the end of ſhame and ſorrow.
Sci. Ha! anſwer me! ſay, haſt thou coolly thought?
'Tis not the Stoic's leſſon got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant diſſertations,
That can ſuſtain thee in that hour of terror:
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes, they ſtart, and ſtand aghaſt;
Haſt thou conſider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may ſtand, and what to anſwer?
Cal. I've turn'd my eyes inward upon myſelf,
Where foul offence, and ſhame have laid all waſte;
Therefore my ſoul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find ſome better place of reſt.
Sci. 'Tis juſtly thought, and worthy of that ſpirit
That dwelt in ancient *Latian* breaſts, when *Rome*
Was miſtreſs of the world. I would go on,
And tell thee all my purpoſe, but it ſticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.
Cal. Then ſpare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your ponyard here.
Sci. Oh! truly gueſs'd—ſeeſt thou this trembling hand— [*Holding up a dagger.*
Thrice juſtice urg'd——and thrice the ſlack'ning ſinews
Forgot their office, and confeſt the father;
At length the ſtubborn virtue has prevail'd;
It muſt, it muſt be ſo——Oh! take it then,
[*Giving the dagger.*
And know the reſt untaught.
Cal. I underſtand you,

It is but thus, and both are ſatisfied.

[*She offers to kill herſelf,* Sciolto *catches hold of her arm.*

Sci. A moment, give me yet a moment's ſpace.
The ſtern, the rigid judge has been obey'd;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off ev'ry tender, human thought,
To doom my child to death; but ſpare my eyes
The moſt unnatural ſight, leſt their ſtrings crack,
And my old brain ſplit, and grow mad with horror.

Cal. Ha! Is it poſſible? and is there yet
Some little, dear remain of love and tenderneſs,
For poor, undone *Caliſta,* in your heart?

Sci. Oh! when I think what pleaſure I took in thee,
What joys thou gav'ſt me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy ſprightly wit, and early blooming beauty,
How I have ſtood, and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then lifted up my hands, and wondring bleſt thee;
By my ſtrong grief, my heart ev'n melts within me,
I could curſe nature, and that tyrant, honor,
For making me thy father, and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter ſtill.

Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth;
Weep on your feet, and bleſs you for this goodneſs;
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be number'd.

Sci. Would it were otherwiſe—but thou muſt die.—

Cal. That I muſt die! it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking;
' Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner,
' Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.'
Come then, and take me now to thy cold arms,
Thou meagre ſhade; here let me breathe my laſt,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveneſs,
More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
And ſung a *requiem* to my parting ſoul.

Sci I'm ſummon'd hence, ere this my friends expect [me,
There is I know not what of ſad preſage,

That

That tells me, I ſhall never ſee thee more;
If it be ſo, this is our laſt farewel,
And theſe the parting pangs, which nature feels,
When anguiſh rends the heart-ſtrings——Oh! my
Daughter! [*Exit* Sciolto.

Cal. Now think, thou curſt *Caliſta*, now behold
The deſolation, horror, blood and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly ſpread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head;
Yet Heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect natures,
How blind with paſſions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too ſtrict inquiry for offences,
But is aton'd by penitence and pray'r:
Cheap recompence! here 'twould not be receiv'd,
Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanſe the ſoul from inbred, deep pollution.
And ſee, another injur'd wretch is come,
To call for juſtice from my tardy hand.

Enter Altamont.

Alt. Hail to your horrors! hail thou houſe of death!
And thou the lovely miſtreſs of theſe ſhades,
Whoſe beauty gilds the more than midnight darkneſs,
And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.
Oh! take me in a fellow-mourner with thee,
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountains of thy eyes are dry,
Mine ſhall ſupply the ſtream, and weep for both.

Cal. I know thee well, thou art the injur'd *Altamont*,
Thou com'ſt to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee;
But know I ſtand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to ſet me free
From ſhame, and thy upbraiding.

Alt. Falſly, falſly
Doſt thou accuſe me; when did I complain,
Or murmur at my fate? ' For thee I have
' Forgot the temper of *Italian* huſbands,
' And fondneſs has prevail'd upon revenge;
' I bore my load of infamy with patience,
' As holy men do puniſhments from Heav'n,
' Nor thought it hard, becauſe it came from thee:'
Oh! then forbid me not to mourn thy loſs,
To wiſh ſome better fate had rul'd our loves,
And that *Caliſta* had been mine, and true.

Cal. Oh, *Altamont!* 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss;
But oh! behold my proud, disdainful heart,
Bends to thy gentler virtue; yes, I own
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love,
Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,
That were I not abandon'd to destruction,
With thee I might have liv'd, for ages blest,
And died in peace within thy faithful arms.

Alt. Then happiness is still within our reach;
Here let remembrance lose our past misfortunes,
Tear all records that hold the fatal story;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on
In long successive order.

Cal. What! in death?

Alt. Then art thou fix'd to die—But be it so,
We'll go together, my advent'rous love
Shall follow thee to those uncertain beings;
' Whether our lifeless shades are doom'd to wander
' In gloomy groves, with discontented ghosts;
' Or whether thro' the upper air we fleet,
' And tread the fields of light, still I'll pursue thee,'
'Till fate ordains that we shall part no more.

Cal. Oh no! Heav'n has some better lot in store
To crown thee with; live, and be happy long;
Live for some maid that shall deserve thy goodness,
Some kind unpractis'd heart, that never yet
Has listen'd to the false ones of thy sex,
Nor known the arts of ours; she shall reward thee,
Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,
Charm thee with sweetness, beauty, and with truth,
Be blest in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Now mourn indeed, ye miserable pair,
For now the measure of your woes is full.

Alt. What dost thou mean, *Horatio?*

Hor. Oh! 'tis dreadful:
The great, the good *Sciolto* dies this moment.

Cal. My father!

Alt. That's a deadly stroke indeed.

Hor. Not long ago he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and those unbidden;
I heard which way he took, and strait pursu'd him,

But

But found him compaſs'd by *Lothario*'s faction,
Almoſt alone, amidſt a crowd of foes;
Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
Ere that his frantic valor had provok'd
The death he ſeem'd to wiſh for from their ſwords.
Cal. And doſt thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?
Doſt thou not labor with my murd'rous weight?
And you, ye glitt'ring heav'nly hoſt of ſtars,
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I ſhall blaſt you,
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
And nature ſickens at me; reſt, thou world,
This parricide ſhall be thy plague no more;
Thus, thus, I ſet thee free. [*Stabs herſelf.*
Hor. Oh! fatal raſhneſs!
Alt. Thou doſt inſtruct we well; to lengthen life,
Is but a trifle now.
[Altamont *offers to kill himſelf*; Horatio *prevents him, and wreſts his ſword from him.*
Hor. Ha! what means
The frantic *Altamont?* Some foe to man,
Has breath'd on ev'ry breaſt contagious fury,
And epidemic madneſs.
Enter Sciolto, *pale and bloody, ſupported by Servants.*
Cal. Oh, my heart!
Well may'ſt thou fail, for ſee the ſpring that fed
Thy vital ſtream is waſted, and runs low.
My father! will you now at laſt forgive me,
If after all my crimes, and all your ſuff'rings,
I call you once again by that dear name?
Will you forget my ſhame, and thoſe wide wounds,
Lift up your hand, and bleſs me ere I go
Down to my dark abode?
Sci. Alas! my daughter!
Thou haſt raſhly ventur'd in a ſtormy ſea,
Where life, fame, virtue, all were wreck'd and loſt;
But ſure thou'ſt borne thy part in all the anguiſh,
And ſmarted with the pain; then reſt in peace,
Let ſilence and oblivion hide thy name,
And ſave thee from the malice of poſterity;
And may'ſt thou find with Heav'n the ſame forgiveneſs,
As with thy father here.——Die, and be happy.
Cal. Celeſtial ſounds! Peace dawns upon my ſoul,
And ev'ry pain grows leſs——Oh! gentle *Altamont*,

Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone,
But pity me——Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both: ——Now 'tis too late,
And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee,
Thou art their last dear object.——Mercy, Heav'n!
[*She dies.*

' *Alt.* Cold! dead and cold! and yet thou art not
' But lovely still! Hadst thou a thousand faults, [chang'd,
' What heart so hard, what virtue so severe,
' But at that beauty must of force relented,
' Melted to pity, love, and to forgiveness?'

Sci. Oh! turn thee from that fatal object; *Altamont*,
Come near, and let me bless thee ere I die.
To thee, and brave *Horatio* I bequeath
My fortunes.—Lay me by thy noble father,
And love my mem'ry as thou hast done his,
For thou hast been my son.—Oh! gracious Heav'n!
Thou that hast endless blessings still in store,
For virtue, and for filial piety,
Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away,
But multiply thy mercies on his head;
Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
And peace in all his ways.——— [*He dies.*

Alt. Take, take it all;
To thee, *Horatio*, I resign the gift,
While I pursue my father and my love,
And find my only portion in the grave.

Hor. The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
And bends him like a drooping flower to earth.
' Raise him, and bear him in. [Altamont *is carried off.*'
By such examples are we taught to prove,
The sorrows that attend unlawful love;
Death, or some worse misfortunes, soon divide
The injur'd bridegroom from his guilty bride:
If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

YOU see the tripping dame could find no favor,
Dearly she paid for breach of good behavior,
Nor could her loving husband's fondness save her.
Italian *ladies lead but scurvy lives,*
There's dreadful dealing with eloping wives;
Thus 'tis, because these husbands are obey'd
By force of laws, which for themselves they made.
With tales of old prescriptions they confine
The right of marriage-rule to their male line,
And huff, and domineer, by right divine.
Had we the pow'r, we'd make the tyrants know
What 'tis to fail in duties which they owe;
We'd teach the saunt'ring squire, who loves to roam,
Forgetful of his own dear spouse at home,
Who snores at night supinely by her side,
'Twas not for this the nuptial knot was tied.
The plodding petty-fogger, and the cit,
Have learn'd at least this modern way of wit:
Each ill-bred senseless rogue, tho' ne'er so dull,
Has th' impudence to think his wife a fool;
He spends the night, where merry wags resort,
With joking clubs, and eighteen-penny port;
While she poor soul's contented to regale,
By a sad sea-coal fire, with wigs and ale.
Well may the cuckold-making tribe find grace,
And fill an absent husband's empty place:
If you would e'er bring constancy in fashion,
You men must first begin the reformation.
Then shall the golden age of love return,
No turtle for her wand'ring mate shall mourn,
No foreign charms shall cause domestic strife,
But ev'ry married man shall toast his wife;
Phillis *shall not be to the country sent,*
For carnivals in town to keep a tedious Lent:
Lampoons shall cease, and envious scandal die,
And all shall live in peace, like my good man and I.

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